

CHOIR & COWBOYS & BANDLEADER.  
 TWENTY FANS WERE TURNNIN'  
 THEY WERE TURNNIN'  
 TWENTY FANS WERE TURNNIN'  
 IN EVERY ROOM  
 FEVERS WERE A BURNNIN'  
 THEY WERE BURNNIN'  
 AND THEY HAD TO HAVE  
 A WAY TO COOL DOWN.

(GIRL 1 falls forward on her hands, the FARMER still between her skyward legs as HE continues.)

CHOIR & COWBOYS & BANDLEADER (Continued.)  
 TWENTY FANS WERE HUMMIN'  
 THEY WERE HUMMIN'  
 TWENTY FANS WERE HUMMIN'  
 IN EVERY ROOM  
 CUSTOMERS WERE COMIN'  
 THEY WERE COMIN'  
 AND THEY HAD TO HAVE A  
 WAY TO COOL DOWN.

(EVERYONE listens to the FARMER'S cry.)

FARMER.  
 I'M COMIN'! I'M  
 COMIN'! THANK YOU,  
 THANK YOU, JESUS!

(The FARMER gets dressed, GIRL 1 tidies herself up and is getting him out quickly.)

GIRL 2 tries to horn in on TRAVELING SALESMAN, HE being the only male left unoccupied. No dice. He dances GIRL 4 up to her room.

GIRL 2 stomps off in anger.

The rooms are alive with activity which is stylized but suggestive of sexual behavior.

The FARMER is about to leave the house with the chicken in the burlap bag.

GIRL 1 calls him back. He takes out the chicken, holding it on high and presents it CENTER STAGE. SHE takes it.)

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(Everything freezes except FARMER and GIRL 1)

GIRL 1. Y'all come back now, ya hear.

(The BAND ends song as GIRL 1 exits with chicken.)

Blackout. The faint light Center and Spot on BANDLEADER.

A GIRL pushes the empty wheelchair slowly to center and leaves it there in the half light.)

BANDLEADER. Well, that was in the old days. But about ten years ago, Miss Wulla Jean died. She bequeathed the place in her will to her favorite working girl, Mona Stanglely, who you might say had worked her way up from the bottom. Mona pretty well carried out the old traditions of The Chicken Ranch. And that's probably why they lived in peace with the town for so long. That is, until about a year ago, Thanksgiving . . .